THE CABIN ON THE SEASHORE.

BY W. W.

[*Dedicated to the "U. S. Life-Saving Corps."*]

"Ho! lads, the winds moan strangely deep to-night,
The waves in thunder roar,
Leaping and smiting in their savage might,
Where the cliff meets the shore:
Our stronghold built in sheltered cleft of rock,
Half cabin and half cave,
Shakes at the heavy blows and ceaseless shock
Of gust and angry wave.

"And out upon the reef—the treacherous reef,
Scarce noted when the breeze
So gently from the sea but stirs a leaf—
Now break the 'whelming seas;
And oft there seems a wail upon the blast,
As 'twere a cry of pain,
Of some spent swimmer ere he sinks at last
Beneath the stormy main.

"Our lowly roof, how lashed by the fierce rain
That beats the trembling door,
And patters on the single tearful pane
That looks on sea and shore;
O! God, have pity for those on the sea.
Only Thy hand can save
From the wild storm which howls remorselessly,
To make the deep a grave.

"Hark! lads, is that a gun which seems to sound
Seaward—or has some huge rock left the cliff,
To strike the beach below with muffled bound?
Up! lads, it seems far out upon the reef:
There goes a signal-light! 'twas not the glare
Of the red lightning, for alas! 'tis 'blue;'
God pity them and us, for sheer despair
Can aid alone to save that drowning crew.

"Quick! mother, put a candle at the pane,
To let the poor souls know that help is nigh;
The lantern! ropes! these may be all in vain,
But, with God's help, we cannot see them die:
And now join hands, thus each lad, true and
staunch,
May breast the wind and spray until we reach
The little cove where we our boat may launch
Beyond the waves which there less lash the
beach."

A gun and light once more the dark cliffs greet,
And a tall ship now flashes on the sight,
Stranded upon the Lizard's back, where beat
The murderous waves with all their awful
might,
And heard between the gusts is woman's cry,
Through all the roar of battling waters borne,
As the light craft, scarce seen 'neath blackened sky,
Starts to the rescue on that hope forlorn.

The day is breaking as they launch their boat,
And the huge waves less madly toss and roar,
As the small bark, once fairly set afloat,
Struggles beyond the breakers near the shore,
"Now, lads, once more, you see there is a lull—
Pull for your lives to gain the good ship's lee—
Give way, my lads! another stronger pull,
We'll reach where breaks less fiercely the roused
sea.

"Why, it's the Madras! there is Captain Berne;
His gray head, beaten by the wind and spray;
He signals to us now to come astern.
While the poor crew but stretch their hands and
pray.
Hard on your starboard oars! these cross seas
come,
Boiling in wrath, as if to swamp us now;
Hard on your oars! keep head to sea, or doom
Awaits us, spite of all that strength may do.

"Avast! hold hard! there comes a buoy and rope,
A life-line from the breaking ship, and now
Here comes a woman—God be praised! We'll hope
To save them all. Pray lift her gently—so!
And now a child; poor thing! the voyage of life
Has test him rudely whilst the wild winds raved;
The fair hair drenched, the small hands clenched
in strife
With the dark waters whence he's scarcely saved.

"The tall ship lurches to her fate, but still
Hold bravely, lads! the line's the bridge from
fate,
And here they come, seven souls, enough to fill
Our cockle-shell to the gunwales at this rate;
Wear round before that lurch to port again:
Her day is done. And now pull for the shore!
Off hats and ball, lest all our risk prove vain—
Another sea like that, our voyage is o'er."

With head to shore, the overladen craft
Stagger past caverns in the frothing sea,
That yawn and threaten death, and close abaft
Crowd the hoarse billows cheated of their prey;
Shudderingly that crew glance back where one vast
surge
Lifts their sea home to crush it in th' embrace
Of waiting rocks, whilst the storm moans a dirge
O'er the lost ship, which sinks, to leave no trace,

Save flosting spars and planks, the sad debris
Of the swift thing which erst by life seemed
stirred,
Which yesterday was monarch of the sea,
Skimming the billows like some ocean bird;
Yet, as he might at last, with broken wing,
Perish in tempests on some fatal shore,
So, crushed and broken, do the waters fling
That proud bark on the rocks, to sail no more,

Softly!—they near the breakers—breathless now.
They're holding hard to mount the steep waves'
crest,
To onward plunge, to rise again and bow
Before the bellowing surges' maddened quest;
A moment more, the keel grates on the strand,
They're saved! they've 'scaped from where the
breakers rolled;
They bow themselves upon that barren sand,
And grasp its grains as they were shining gold.
CHICAGO, Ill.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

Life in the Lowlands, in Its Social and Home Aspects.

BY W. W.

I have said elsewhere in these papers that hospitality in the South is a convertible term, and I have illustrated one phase of it—that among the mountaineers—sufficiently fully, surely; but the subject would not be complete here unless a clearer and fuller glimpse could be given of that kindness and generosity on a larger scale which for many reasons made entertainments of this sort almost peculiar to the possessors of large estates in the lowlands of the South.

In the first place, their circumstances gave them abundant leisure to attend to their guests; and the means at command for hunting, visiting, etc., were incidental to the occupation of planting. Compelled to keep great numbers of horses, which in other communities are the test of fortune when not used or kept for mere business purposes, in this case they were made to minister upon all occasions to enjoyment, wherever that could be had from jaunts, far and near.

In truth, life with these lowland proprietors in the olden time was very much, in its degree, what Ruskin charged upon the nobility of Europe, alluding to their means, their leisure and their power to enjoy it, when he declared that they had been "on a picnic for 800 years." Hunting parties to the wilder regions serving as game preservers interspersed throughout the whole South; dinners at each other's houses, etc., were indulged in in a manner quite regardless of time or cost, and, in many cases, with an elegance that could leave nothing for even the most fastidious to desire. With no anxieties generally, such as beset the possessors of and speculators in bonds and stocks, they on these occasions indulged in a hearty enjoyment of whatever served to drive away care—an enjoyment very seldom disturbed by any scruples concerning their right to as much fun as the circumstances permitted.

But, perhaps, as a conscientious chronicler, I should except one case that used sometimes to come under my notice, and which I conclude to mention by way of illustrating what I desire to express. This was the case of a wealthy and jolly friend, who, albeit a member of the church, could never repress an overflowing spirit of mischief and fun, the very opposite of that ancient asceticism which is said to have distinguished the Puritans and Round-heads of the olden time. Mated with one who, in all this, was his very opposite, although a most estimable woman, it was the most common thing possible, when he was in the midst of a good story, and just about to give his guest the pith of it, for her to tell him in a voice pitched at its very lowest key: "Mr. Jinks, remember that for every idle word you utter, you have got to give an account in the judgment!" Poor Jinks, with a wink and a comical glance at me, his listener, and at the same time a screwing up of his face and a gesture as if some one had trodden on his worst corn, would limp through the rest of the story, while the visitor himself might be set down as remarkably appreciative and audacious if he either could or would venture much of a laugh after that.

My friend's wife, however, might be said to have belonged to a "serious family." On one occasion the two had ridden to the outskirts of the town in their buggy to say good-by to the old people, her parents, who had been making the daughter and son-in-law a lengthy visit. The two carriages stopped at the foot of a hill, where the 'good-bys" were to be said, and here he "serious" part of it came in. The old gentleman, a very large man with a remarkably big nose, began to *cry*. [I must here note that his son-in-law, Jinks, owed him some money.] "My children," he said, in doleful tones; "we may never meet again in this world. Life is uncertain, and we never know when death may call for us. But," and the tears fell like rain, "I hope we shall all meet in heaven!" Here he gave his nose a *twang* like the sound of a trumpet, and continued in the same tone, as the carriage started: "Benjamin, *don't* forget that thousand dollars!"

The love of the humorous was indulged on all sides to a degree not easy to parallel in Northern communities. On one occasion I had happened in at a fashionable city church, and, taking a pew next to the door, I was standing up at the prayer—it was the Presbyterian service—when one of the deacons, a grave-looking, elderly gentleman, stepped inside, and assuming a devout attitude, his head bowed and his arms folded, waited for the conclusion of the prayer. Now he was almost as "deaf as a post," but having a particular liking for me, and seeing me in that pew, he concluded he must have me in his own, one of the most conspicuous in church, up close in front of the pulpit. Stretching out his hand as if for a shake, he grasped mine hard and drew me close up to his side, as he stood in the aisle. With a tremendous whisper—for he could not hear how loud it was himself—he said:

"Come up and sit in my pew!"

I whispered as vigorously as I could, right in his ear, that "I was very well situated where I was."

"That won't do," came with what was intended for a whisper, but which I was sure the preacher and every one in church must have heard—"come up and sit where you can see all the pretty girls!"

The deacon uttered this queer invitation without losing in the least his devotional look; and to say that I was, as it were, "knocked into a cocked hat," but feebly expresses it. Of course, everybody about there began to laugh, especially some boys; and I could only turn my back on the crowd, and let them have it out; the innocent look of my old friend through it all being not the least comical part of it. I never heard that they "churched" him for it, but I have often thought that such a bit of the humorous, under the peculiar circumstances, could never have occurred in a New England church.

But in truth, this marked feature in the character of the South, a love of the cheerful, or determined ignoring of "carking care," while it made society eminently agreeable and pleasant, had in it elements of unhappiness in some respects, which, although not very evident on the surface, or in asserting themselves conspicuously, were the ultimate cause of conditions that could not in the end be too much deplored. Life had too much of continuous holiday. The young men, on leaving school, were, in too many cases, made practically acquainted only with the instrumentalities which supplied a limited round of pleasures, a horse, dog and gun; and with these, hunting and visiting from place to place, from neighbor to neighbor, but with no business pursuit, save in some instances, a limited care of their father's matters; once of age, they found themselves dependants, without the power or the scope to earn an independence for themselves.

The result of all this was, that the young crowded the old; and unless the latter had been fortunate enough to accumulate an "independence" for each of these new claimants as they successively came of age, life would of course begin to assume a pointless, objectless character with the latter, anything but pleasant to contemplate with advancing years. Then this condition, this want of a business pursuit, not infrequently begat mercenary calculations on the part of the rising generation, oftentimes disastrous to all purposes of improvement or real advancement, to a certain extent, of real happiness.

"James," said a distinguished and very wealthy gentleman, to a young lad, the son of a neighbor, one day, "I do not know why it is, but my boys seem as bright and smart as anybody's sons up to about the time they are able to cipher as far as *division*. After that, they don't appear to be inclined to lift their hands to do anything."

The point of this remark will be better appreciated when the statement may be made, as a commentary on the old gentleman's shrewdness, that at the time "James"—then an elderly gentleman—told me this story of the large fortune of some $2,000,000 left to his children by the father who thus complained, not any worth speaking of remained with any of them then.

Of course, these are the two extremes; the extreme of care and the hard chase of business pursuits; and, on the other hand, the easy-going, careless conditions of life of which I have been speaking; but, in discussing them and pronouncing between the two, it is easy to see that whatever demerits the more careless life was responsible for, it at least for the time being made up a condition of things favorable in a high degree to careless enjoyment and the resulting cheerfulness most men are apt to desire.

And as for that class of the community, the "poor whites," another large element in the make-up of all Southern communities—no matter how favored these latter were as a whole with the large estates and resultant large incomes, the poor whites even were apt to be as far removed from real want as possible. He must have been pitiably poor, of that class, who didn't have some hogs and cattle out in the "range," running at large in a mild climate and on land that cost him nothing whatever, either for fencing or taxes. And when a friend of mine down there, one Christmas, whose heart had been stirred by stories of distress and starvation in the cities, began to cast about for some poor neighbors to donate something to to make their hearts glad through the Christmas holidays, none could be thought of but one family anywhere near, and that one it was certain, if approached on the subject, would have taken it as an insult! And, although they lived in a cabin so open and rickety that, as a neighbor reported, "seven dogs, as he called there one day, each went out at a different hole;" still, the people had at least abundant to eat always, and it seemed, and was, their own fault if their house was not in better condition.

Another feature in Southern life, bearing on the question of hospitality, which went far to cause strangers to be made welcome there, and liberally entertained, at least those of evident intelligence, was found in the isolated life—so far as the outer great world was in the case—led by many of the planters and their families. Under these circumstances it seemed only, and was in reality, a fair exchange made between the host and his visitor, when the one could give him news of all that had transpired and was going on in the great centers of intelligence, the other could entertain him with the substantials meantime. While it may look from the stand-point of communities well supplied with intelligence, but poorly with the means of living, as the extreme of "hospitality" to entertain freely a stranger for the night, or longer, it was only in reality making a fair offset, the one for the other; both finding their pleasure and profit in such an exchange, to say nothing of the question of pride on the part of the host in refusing compensation.

Of course, it must be remembered, in glancing at the means at command by the rural population of the South for entertainments and amusements, that only once in awhile, at long intervals perhaps, would an opera troupe come within hailing distance of even the wealthiest planting communities; so that, perforce, if enjoyments were to be obtained by aggregating the means at command, these must be less formal and precise than those in vogue in the great cities where, with unlimited numbers to draw upon, certain circles insist on being "very select." But the Southern gatherings certainly made up in warmth, in graceful merriment and pleasant abandon, what they lacked in exclusiveness and the stiff and formal proprieties; and this largely because each individual in almost all cases was known as neighbor and friend, and was received and treated accordingly. And although, again, most of the inland cities were what might be termed "provincial," in their society gatherings, those most in vogue being dancing parties, no part of the Union could display more real elegance, more of what might be termed high-bred refinement and courtesy, than was always present on these occasions.

I have thought proper to say this much in regard to this phase of society in the lowlands, because already I have dealt so freely with those simpler elements of enjoyment found in the mountain districts; insisting, at the same time, that to an appreciative disposition, to one capable of finding enjoyment under most phases in which life presents itself, there was very little to cavil at in either instance, how much soever there might have been in some aspects of the case to be amused with.

These comparisons, too, might for the South be extended almost indefinitely. If the inland States with which I have been dealing presented within the same boundary lines such very diverse populations as those of the mountains and lowlands, the States on the coast, such as the Carolinas and Georgia, had their "sand-hillers," the people of the "piney woods" or tar region, to exhibit in wide contrast to the wealthy rice and cotton-planters of the same commonwealths. While, as almost every one knows, it was hard to find anywhere within the bounds of the nationality men of more education and traveled intelligence than the latter, many of them spending successive years abroad along with their families; the "sand-hillers," on the other hand, presented phases of life, of poverty, of almost total ignorance and simplicity, such as seems hard to accredit any portion of this country with, unless demonstrated as such by personal observation. And yet there they were and are, and it does not need a discussion of their peculiarities here to establish the fact that such exist, since in various sketches of those regions, by their own local writers—by Judge Longstreet, for instance—they have been set forth graphically and at length. Let the traveler meet with, for instance, in the "piney woods," men going fifteen or twenty miles with a cart, the wheels with hickory tires, and the rude vehicle loaded with a single barrel of tar, worth, perhaps, $2, with the inevitable jug along to contain in part the proceeds of the long journey and the barter; let him often enough see this as I have seen it, and he would no longer question all that has been said of the utter isolation and miserable want of enterprise and high motive characteristic of those people.

The truth is that society in the South, however it started away back in the history of the nation, was, later, one of strong and broad contrasts—contrasts that were widening every year and decade, until recent causes, imperious and merciless in their leveling tendencies, have at last called a halt, and, indeed, brought a tendency the other way, if anything, approaching to well-nigh agrarianism. While, in the great cities of the North especially, showy liveries and splendid equipages have come in, and "receptions," "kettle-drums," "musical parties," "amateur theatricals," "club gatherings," "*bal masques*," and so on, on the most "exclusive" basis, succeed one another with a cost, a frequency and brilliancy that signalize and insist upon an aristocracy, not only of money, but also of talent and style, the South is, in a manner, sitting down in forgetfulness almost that aught of pleasure parties of any kind have any more an existence, a condition of things that, as matters tend, is not apt to be balanced soon, but something certainly calling for the grave solicitude of all who have anything to do with forming public sentiment and who care for that true equality and unity among the people of the entire nationality, certainly desirable, and even indispensable, if we regard the real advancement and solid prosperity of the republic.

Of course, a government has something else before it—at least, statesmen are presumed to have—besides looking to what constitutes the mere amusements of the people; but no statesman or friend of his country can well afford to forget that the means of happiness, whatever their sources may be, should be so nearly equalized, as far as it can be done, as to justify no continued heart-burnings, such as too often, in the history of other nations, have caused hatred and revolutions in attempts at them; and which, however futile, are always disastrous to a greater or less degree to the general prosperity, and which, consequently should be deprecated by every true lover of his country.
CHICAGO, Ill.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EDISON'S electric light still keeps shady.

KEARNEY has decided to "go"—to Europe.

COL. ROBERT INGERSOLL is 46 years of age.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, the singer, is 36 years old.

MR. THOMAS NAST declines to lecture the coming season.

JOHN BRIGHT'S favorite pastime is salmon fishing.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, JR., is in the Senior class at Cornell.

HORATIO SEYMOUR belonged to a Utica fire company in 1841.

GEN. GRANT'S aged mother is sojourning in Jersey City.

EX-MINISTER STOUGHTON is practicing law in New York city.

GEN. FRANZ SIGEL has taken editorial charge of a German paper at Newark, N. J.

BEACONSFIELD never goes to the theater. Little circuses in Cabul and Zululand afford him amusement, perhaps.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will reach his 60th birthday next February. He thinks of resigning his Ministry at Madrid.

MRS. SPRAGUE has her three youngest children with her at the old Chase mansion in Edgewood, the Washington suburb.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON has been presented with a gourd, from which to drink. Most of the Senators would prefer a flask.

LORD LYONS, British Ambassador at Paris, is a pleasant-looking, easy-living bachelor of 62 summers, who smokes like a chimney and drinks nothing but milk and soda water.

WHEN Caleb Cushing was Minister to China he had his visiting cards printed in the Chinese style, on long strips of red paper, with his name, "Ku Shing."

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the eloquent Hungarian patriot, whose tour to this country some twenty-five years ago is still remembered by many who listened to his eloquent utterances, is still living in his beloved Hungary. He is 75 years old.

GEN. BELKNAP, late Secretary of War, is now practising law in New York and Washington, and his wife is on a tour in Europe, where (the New York *Herald* says) she is a general favorite, her personal beauty attracting much attention.

MRS. G. H. LEWES, *nee* Marian C. Evans, the "George Eliot" of literature, wishes that when she is buried only the words "George Eliot" shall be placed on a slab above her grave. She is 59, is childless, and has earned $250,000 with her pen. Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, was a tutor and lover of hers when she was 23 years old.

A Nihilist's Awful Death.

On the northern shores of the Black sea lies the beautiful city of Odessa, celebrated as the chief grain-exporting city of the Russian empire. But in this city there is a prison which is by no means beautiful. To any person unacquainted with the horrible sides of mankind's character the following would seem to be incredible. It is told by the Paris *Siecle*, and is unquestionably true:

A young Russian Nihilist, Mr. Somoff, had been for a year's time incarcerated in that Odessa prison. The cell allotted to him was so filled with filth of every description that he was daily near suffocation. When he could not stand the filthy smell any longer he petitioned the authorities in the case to have him placed before the proper judges in the matter and duly tried. This petition maddened his jailer into downright Russian frenzy, and his next order was, "Take that scoundrel, tie him to the lashing-post and give him twenty-five knout strikes."

The subordinates, as in duty bound, obeyed the mandate. They took Somoff, tied him to the terrible triangle, and went so notify the jailer that his prisoner was ready for the execution. Somoff, finding himself alone, and seeing a petroleum lamp burning above him just within his reach—the tragedy occurred in the evening—tried to grab it. Impossible! And then what did this young Nihilist do to save himself from disgraceful punishment, unjustly inflicted upon him? He raised his face to the lamp-chimney, caught it within his mouth, tore it down, and let the burning petroleum run down his body. Nor did he utter a sound while his clothes caught the flames and his body began to singe. It was not till the nauseating smell of the burning flesh began to penetrate the jail-rooms that the fact of Somoff's suicide was discovered. He still lingered twenty-four hours, but amid the most horrible pains did not utter a cry. His only complaint was that, being perfectly ready to stand trial and suffer the law's penalty, he had been subjected to an unlawful and disgraceful punishment.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

REMEDY FOR MOTH PATCHES.—Saleratus dissolved in whisky, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the former to a pint of the latter, is said, by a lady who has tried it, to be a sure remedy for moth patches. After being well wet with the preparation, it is asserted that the spots will rub off, leaving the skin as fair and soft as an infant's.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM STEEL.—The steel to be cleaned should be washed with a solution composed of one-half ounce of cyanide of potassium in two ounces of water; then brush with the following recipe: Cyanide of potassium, one-half ounce; castile soap, one ounce; whiting and water sufficient to form a paste. Cyanide of potassium is a most violent poison, and persons using it should be particularly careful.

TO STAIN WOOD BROWN.—Get an ounce each of catechu and bichromate of potash. Break the catechu—which is a blackish gum-like substance—into small fragments, place it in a glass or earthenware vessel, with a piece of washing soda as large as a walnut, and pour upon it a pint of boiling water, and stir until dissolved. Put the bichromate in a bottle with a pint of cold water, and dissolve with occasional shaking. Paint over the wood-work to be stained, first with the catechu solution, and let it dry; it will be of a dull, dirty brown. When, dry go over it with the solution of bichromate, and it will turn to a very rich chestnut brown. By varying the strength of the solutions, the depth of color will be varied. When quite dry, apply shellac, or other varnish. Very cheap, easily applied and satisfactory.

ENGLISH IVY.—English ivy will succeed better in our dry, warm rooms than almost any other plant, and requires very little care. If 2-year-old plants are secured they will begin to run after that time. It is not necessary to give the plant a large pot or to change this often. Good, rich loam and plenty of water are all that is required. Move the pot as little as possible. Once a week wipe off all the leaves carefully with a large wet sponge, fastened to a long stick. As the ivy does not require sunlight it can be grown anywhere, and makes a charming frame-work for doors, windows and pictures. Sometimes it is planted in large tubs and trained up a stairway, forming a mass of green foliage from the hall below to the floor above.

HINTS ABOUT WATER.—No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust germs floating in the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels for several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are tight. Wherever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Filtering always adds to the purity of the water. Drinking-water should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface water, or water in lakes, pools or rivers, which receive the surface wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblerfuls should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, as excess of water weakens the gastric juice and overworks the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions and paralyze its movements. By drinking a little at a time all injury is avoided.

The Sinking of a Vessel by a Whale.

Since it has been generally conceded that the fish which foundered Capt. Larsen's bark Columbia in mid-ocean, by thumping a big hole in her port bow must have been a whale, popular interest in the accident has palpably decreased. In truth, it was hardly more the strange disaster itself than the possibility of a new and dangerous seamonster being concerned in it that excited attention—some mysterious, powerful submarine creature, it was hoped, hitherto unknown and unexpected. Hence the opinion of one of the crew that a whale struck the vessel was at first scouted in favor of the more-seductively indefinite statement of another that it was "a huge something with fins and tail." All the evidence, however, is in favor of the whale theory, and it is conceivable that a big whale, going at full speed, could stave in the planks of an old craft like the Columbia. Had the vessel been insured, some persons might possibly have found ground for suspecting a voluntary scuttling, but she is said not to be insured. Besides, Capt. Larsen, who is a white-haired mariner, with candid eyes, broken English, and an honest smile, has inspired general confidence in his veracity. It is said that this is the first case on record of a vessel actually sunk by a whale. Perhaps it should rather be called the first case of a sunken vessel whose crew escaped to tell the story. May not more than one vessel that has sailed and never been heard of have fallen a victim to this form of disaster?—*New York Sun.*

A YOUNG Japanese lately played a game of billiards against three of the best players, united, at Moscow. The game was 5,000 points at carom for 75,000 rubles. The Jap's first run was 1,853 points. The game lasted fourteen hours, and he won by three points.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Darlings of the forest!
Do scorn alone
When earth's grief is sorest,
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drifts melt, your tender
Buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky;
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep, in faith's
Simplicity.

There the wild robin
Hymns your solitude;
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but
Dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew?
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue?
And scented by the woods that gathered
Sweets for you?

Fairest and most lovely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace, as makes
The dream of art.

Were not mortal sorrow,
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods, where
My lost childhood played!

WIT AND HUMOR.

ANCIENT grease—Old butter.

A SMOKE-HOUSE—A cigar store.

AN old letter—An aged landlord.

A MATTER of form—The newspaper.

"DOWN in front"—An incipient mustache.

SATISFIED at last—A contented shoemaker.

AN elevated railroad station is, of course, station airy.

IS THE fellow who tends an oyster saloon an oyster supe?

THE improvident man is hard to kill, because he won't die worth a cent.

THOUGHTS that burn—Amateur poetry when the editor's waste-basket is overflowing.

AN Englishman named Putton has written a book on music. It will be "Putton Airs," probably.

A MILKMAN was very mad because some one bought a quart of milk and then told him to "chalk it down."

A LADY says that the difference between a silk dress and a calico gown is material; but that's all stuff.

THREE feet make a yard. Very true; but two feet unmake it mighty quick, provided they are hen's feet.

"HAVE you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied, "but I've a father in jail."

FRIEND—"Look here, Tom, you've had enough." Tipsy youth—"No such thing. Of'en had too much; never had 'nough."

A BONANZA man gave his daughter a mine as a wedding present. He was determined that she should not lack presents of mine.

"DO YOU keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

"WHAT will the harvest be?" asks an exchange. Well, just wait till the harvest bee crawls up your trousers-leg, and you'll find out.

"COULDN'T you lend me $5?" "Yes, I could, but I won't." "Then do you think I wouldn't pay you back?" "Yes, you would, but you couldn't."

POKER must have been in vogue long ago; for the melancholy Prince said: "I call thee, Hamlet," when he was not certain that he could see him.

SCHOOL inspector—"Now, youngster, can you name me a mild winter?" Scholar—"The winter of '75. Our teacher was sick then for six weeks."

WHAT is the difference between a man eating an army biscuit and a man sitting on a pier along the Delaware river? Answer—One is enjoying war fare and the other is enjoying wharf air.

PROFESSOR (lecturing on psychology)—"All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me? In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course, no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twas in the fall of 'forty-nine
The gold fever broke out,
'N I'd hev bin a pioneer
Without the slightest doubt,
But Molly, here, took on 'n said,
"Argonaut, dearest Joe!"
I thought I'd argy not with her,
So, boys, I didn't go.
—*Yawcob Strauss.*

A WELL-KNOWN Bostonian was trying a horse one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said: "Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

The Physical Value of Singing.

Singing is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upon exhaustive researches made by Prof. Monassein during the autumn of 1878, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of 9 and 53. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the comparative relation of the latter to the tallness of the subject, and upon the pneumatometric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute, circumference of chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors. The latter hinders, while the former promotes.